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Dear Sir:

Your favor of December 16, would  
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I forward, under separate cover, a  
copy of Breath of the Rose with  
natural gratification that the  
Library should desire it.

Yours truly,  
(Miss) Annie S. Bean -



# Breath of the Rose

And Other Verse

Annie S. Bean

985



History of the State

and other facts

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TO THE

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Gift  
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"Yea, Lord, Thy will be done."





## BREATH OF THE ROSE.

**B**REATH of the Rose,  
Caught by the Alchemist's Art,  
I bid thee disclose  
The love that is rife in the heart.  
Go, find a place  
Mid her papers and letters and things;  
To each give a trace  
Of that marvelous fragrance that brings  
Past Junes to the mind,  
Though over us falls winter's night  
And drear is the wind.  
Then, if she think, read or write,  
To her sense thou shalt steal,  
Not like a thought that intrudes,  
But make her to feel  
The presence of Love that illudes  
Time's dark, ruthless blight,  
And o'er space and through Change,  
even Death,  
Sends its soft light  
And sweet dew, tender warmth, with  
a Breath.





## A SUMMER DUSK.

**D**UT of the dark and bosky woods,  
The sweet winds blow ;  
By ferny fen the fire-flies glow,  
Flicker and glow ;  
From a shadowy pine a bird calls low,  
Clear and low.  
Oh, dear is the night when the sweet  
winds blow,  
And the fire-flies glow,  
And a bird from the pine calls clear and  
low,  
Sweet, and clear, and low.

## A SUMMER DUSK

117 of the dark and rocky woods,

The sweet winds blow;

My heart is in the twilight glow.

Thicket and flower

From a shadowy glade a bird will low.

Clear and low.

Oh, heart is the night when the sweet

winds blow.

And the lily-lilies glow.

And a note from the pine calls clear and

low.

Sweet and clear, and low.

## THE VEIL BETWEEN.

**S**O far hast thou gone since the morning  
broke!

So far with the mornings of long  
ago—;  
E'en with the first that the new world  
woke  
With the gladdening light of the  
sun's warm glow.  
And the wall that hides thee, men call  
Death,  
But there's only a breath between,  
my breath.

So far hast thou gone since the noonday  
came!

So far with the glory that is to be;  
With a thousand years as a day the same,  
From earthly fetters forever free.  
And the wall that hides thee, men call  
Death,  
But there's only a breath between,  
my breath.



# THE VEIL BETWEEN

O far hast thou gone since the morning

hoped

So far with the morning of long

ago—

Even with the first that the new world

woke

With the gladdening light of the

sun's warm glow

And the wail that rises from men call

Death

But there's only a breath between

my breath

So far hast thou gone since the morning

came

So far with the glory that is to be

With a thousand years as a day the same

From earth's latest forever the

And the wail that rises from men call

Death

But there's only a breath between

my breath

So near art thou come since the darkness  
fell!

So close is my spirit folded to thee,  
Touch may not feel and speech cannot  
tell,

Fast bound in the Infinite Love are  
we.

And the veil that hides thee, men call  
Death,

And it is but a breath between,  
my breath.





## DREAMS OF A FAR-AWAY WORLD.

**D**REAMS of a far-away world,  
Echoes of songs unsung;  
Memory mingled with prophecy  
Of days that are not begun;

Vague as a breath in the dark,  
Real as the beat of my heart,  
Are these things with me unceasingly,  
Of my very being a part.

Since somewhere in space beyond ken,  
In the past that beginning had none,  
Each hath been each though the soul found  
home  
In ether or heart of stone;

And, Dear, when I know thee so well,  
With a knowledge by long eons taught,  
A whisper will wake the far consciousness  
Of the first that my spirit caught,



And with Love for a certain clue,  
In eternities yet to be,  
Naught can avail though worlds divide,  
To hold myself from thee.

While this seems so true, although  
My hand may not clasp thine, Dear,  
Why need the years or a continent  
Shadow the sunshine here?





GRIEVE not, though round thee darkness  
fall,  
And one sweet day hath met its close.  
Out of the darkness of the grave  
The dead Christ rose.





## BEING.

**N**EVER again shall I try, Dearheart,  
To make thee think I am good or wise;  
Never by art or guile, Dearheart,  
To seem the fairer in thine eyes.

I have been far since we met, Dearheart,  
Was it yestere'en or ages ago?  
I have been in the still, vast spaces  
That only the soul and God can know.

Oh, thine every touch is dear, Beloved!  
Never before have I loved thee so;  
But not by a hair can I hold thee,  
Sweetheart,  
Thyself, alone, must stay or go.

Henceforth we must shun all seeming,  
Dearheart,  
Live in the truth that makes us free,  
For when one has been alone, with God,  
One only longs *to be*.



## SING, MY HEART.

**S**ING, my heart, a merry song.  
The fallen leaves are whirled along,  
The south wind pushes the clouds  
between  
And sobs in the pine trees' somber green,  
And some way the tears to my eyes will  
start,  
So sing a merry song, my heart.

Sing a merry song, my heart,  
Of joys that stay though joys depart;  
Thou dost know the rollicking tune  
Of drunken bobolinks in June.  
What though flown the gladsome throng?  
Sing, my heart, their merry song.

Sing, my heart, a merry song.  
If Hope grows faint, yet Love is strong.  
Thou dost know Love's every tone,  
And Love will some day reach its own  
Though time and space hold far apart,  
Then sing a merry song, my heart.





## AT EASTER TIME.

**T**'ER the gray water and through the gray  
sky,  
A shimmering light,  
Bespeaking the joyous, radiant sunshine,  
Just out of sight.

Through the gray hedges and through the  
gray wood  
Gray buds do appear,  
Truly fortelling that blossoming summer  
Soon will be here.





## IN MAY-TIME.

**I**N my garden the roses blossom and  
blow,  
Summer and Autumn and Winter  
and Spring;  
By my window the fragrant climbers grow,  
And small birds flutter and twitter and  
sing.

Over my head is a sky of blue,  
Blue to the far horizon's rim;  
And the sun shines bright the long day  
through,  
Till it slips past the mountains, blue  
and dim.

But aye in my heart there is longing and  
pain  
For the wild wet winds and the sweet  
warm rain;  
For the rosy bloom a-bursting through  
The bare, brown boughs that the white  
snows knew.

IN MAY-TIME

In the garden the rose-blossoms and  
pinks  
Summer and Autumn and Winter  
and Spring  
In the garden the fragrant flowers grow  
All small pink flowers and white and  
blue

Over the head is a ray of light  
This is the sun's golden light  
And the sun's golden light is the sun's  
light  
This is the sun's golden light  
and the

But now the sun is in the sky and  
pale  
For the sun is in the sky and the sweet  
warm rain  
For the sun is in the sky and the warm  
The sun is in the sky and the white  
snow

## IN JUNE.

**I** love the stars, I love the night,  
I love the darkness and the light  
That flashes in our Northern skies,  
Then trembles, sinks and slowly dies.

I love the sweet, sweet breath of June,  
The warm South wind, the drowsy rune  
Of bees among the rustling leaves,  
And swallows nesting 'neath the eaves.



## IN JUNE

I love the night, I love the night  
I love the darkness and the light  
That dances in our Northern skies  
That stretches wide and slowly dies

I love the sweet, sweet breath of June  
The warm South wind, the breezy June  
Of June, when the sweetest flowers  
And swallows nestle in the eaves

## SOMEWHERE IN SUMMER-TIME.

**H**ERE sunbeams dance,  
And waters glance,  
The tender skies bend over;  
And clear is heard  
The song of bird,  
And sweet the air with clover.

Here soft winds blow,  
And humming low,  
The brown bees gather honey;  
Here daisies white  
Sway lithe and light  
Adown the meadow sunny.





## IN AUGUST.

**I**N the early afternoon,  
Not a bird was singing,  
To the measure of the wind  
A heavy rose was swinging.

There came a drowsy bumble-bee,  
His droning made it seem more  
still;  
It lulled me to hypnotic sleep;  
I followed him o'er vale and hill.

I smelled the fields of clover bloom,  
Where graceful elms their feathers  
shook;  
I paused beneath the fir and pine,  
Then sought the sea by thread of  
brook.

But when I woke the sun was low,  
Strange trees were traced against its  
blaze;  
In place of blue Atlantic waves,  
'Twere Western hills that met my gaze.

## IN AUGUST

3 In the early afternoon  
Not a bird was singing  
To the tomtom of the wind  
A heavy rain was falling

There came a heavy thunder-bolt  
His lightning made it seem that  
He had

It called me to my window  
I followed him to the end of the hill

I reached the fields in clover  
Where grew the first corn  
I shook

I paused beneath the first tree  
Then sought the sea by the end of  
brook

But when I woke the sun was low  
Strange trees were raised against its  
glow

In place of the Atlantic waves  
Twice Western hills met my gaze

## IN DECEMBER.

**A**LL the garden is forlorn,  
The frost has set its cruel  
mark;

The gay chrysanthemums are gone,  
Their stocks are standing brown  
and stark.

Yet in spite of Winter's chill,  
The violets still breathe perfume,  
And the rosy haws fulfill  
The promise of the summer's bloom.



IN DECEMBER

At the garden in London,  
The first has not yet come

The new chrysanthemums are gone  
Their stems are standing brown  
And stark

Yet in spite of Winter's chill  
The violets still breathe perfume  
And the rose has April  
The promise of the summer's bloom

## AT CHRISTMAS TYDE.

**I**F bitter thoughts thy bosom fill,  
Forget them Sweet;  
If any be who wrought thee ill,  
Forgive them, Sweet;  
For their misdeeds excuses make,  
On all their sorrows pity take  
As it be meet  
For Christ's dear sake;  
That the deep Joy of Heaven above,  
And the rare Peace of Heavenly Love,  
May reach thy heart and there abide  
At Christmas Tyde.





## THE FIELDS OF ARCADY.

When the sun is high and the stars are out,  
Oh, for the fields of Arcady!

The air is sweet beyond compare  
In the blossoming fields of Arcady.

And all the flowers dry and wither  
With dew from heaven up mainly.

**THIS** sorry earth turns round and round,  
Heedlessly whirling the years away.  
But there are whiles are ours to hold,  
To hold forever and a day.

To the happy fields of Arcady  
Where we have played and sung and  
play  
With the blossoms that grow and  
Arcady.

The grass with broken, deep, purple wide,  
There are no more to Arcady  
The tall trees broken either side  
Looking up to Arcady.



## THE FIELDS OF ARCADY.

**O**H, the sun is up and the skies are fair,  
Oh, ho, for the fields of Arcady!

The air is sweet beyond compare  
In the blossoming fields of Arcady.

And all the flowers, they say, are wet  
With dew from Heaven, in Arcady;  
Press to the lip, one may forget  
All grief in the joys of Arcady.

The path is through a winding way,  
To the happy fields of Arcady,  
Where sunbeams dance and shadows  
play  
With the breeze that fans sweet  
Arcady.

The gate with broken hasp stands wide,  
There are no bars to Arcady.  
The tall trees beckon either side  
Inticing us to Arcady.





Yet all who seek will never find  
Their way to the fields of Arcady,  
For having eyes are many blind  
Nor read the signs to Arcady.

But hasten, hasten, let us go  
While the day is new to Arcady,  
For Sweetheart, listen, the way I know  
To the fair, far fields of Arcady.





## MOUNT HAMILTON.

**H**AST wooded slope, round steep  
defile,

We journeyed up the mountain  
way:

Below us, flushed with orchard bloom,  
Green-walled, the fertile valley lay.

We stood at last beneath the dome  
That crowns the summit; bleak  
and bare,

Save where scant soil, in creviced rock,  
Brings forth a blossom, frail and fair.

We had a glance through magic glass  
That grave men seek with eager eyes,  
Searching the long and silent nights  
To learn the secrets of the skies

Then, Sweet, mine eyes turned toward  
the East—

I saw a sky of cloudless blue,  
But never glass had power to show  
One glimpse of my far land,—or you.

## MOUNT HAMILTON

AST wooded slope, round steep

gables,

We journeyed up the mountain

way:

Below us, flushed with orchard bloom,

Green-walled the fertile valley lay.

We stood at last beneath the dome

That crowns the summit: bleak

and bare,

Save where scant soil in creviced rock

Brings forth a blossom, frail and late.

We had a glance through magic glass

That gave men seek with eager eyes

Searching the long and silent night

To learn the secrets of the skies

Then, sweet, mine eyes turned toward

the East—

I saw a sky of cloudless blue,

But never glass had power to show

One glimpse of my far land—or you.

## THE EUCALYPTUS TREES.

**T**HEY rise up into the morning  
mist,

Vast and dreamlike and far away,  
Pulsing with rose and amethyst  
And shot with gold from the sun's  
first ray;

And they bear me into an upper air  
Above Earth's sordidness and care.

But afternoons when the dry winds  
blow,

And make one shiver with cold,  
—or heat,

And the sky overhead is blue, blue, blue!

And endlessly long seems the dust-  
white street,

And the mountain sides are seared and  
scarred,

Their darksome shadows press too hard.





Stately and still they majestically stand  
Against the luminous dusk of the sky,  
Catching the last faint gleam of the sun,  
Holding moon and star in their  
branches high,  
And with the magic of night set free,  
They bring far heaven nearer me.

But afternoons when the dry winds  
blow,  
And make one shiver with heat,  
—or cold,  
And the sky overhead is blue, blue,  
blue!  
And the line of the mountain hard  
and bold,  
And the world seems suddenly big  
and drear,  
Their darksome shadows crowd  
too near.

Stately and tall they majestically stand  
Against the luminous disk of the sky,  
Catching the last faint gleam of the sun,  
Holding moon and star in their  
branches high.

And with the magic of night set free,  
They bring far heaven nearer me.

Hot afternoons when the dry winds  
blow

And make one shiver with heat

—or cold

And the sky overhead is blue, blue

blue

And the line of the mountain hard

and bold

And the world seems suddenly big

and green

Their darksome shadows crowd

on me



## A MOMENT AT THE OPEN DOOR.

**O**H, but the world is fair!  
The russet branches there,  
And yellow, dangling leaves,  
Now caught by a glint of gold  
From the sun that weaves  
A path where the clouds are rolled  
And tossed and spread  
Across the blue o'rehead.

And see how the shadows play  
O'er the blue hills far away!  
Was ever a sweeter note  
Thrust into air, rain-clear,  
Than this from the yellow throat  
Of meadow lark hovering near?  
And the throb of my heart doth  
neither belie,  
The smile on my lip nor the tear in  
mine eye.



## IN THE FIELDS AND IN THE ORCHARDS.

**I**N the fields and in the orchards  
Many flowers fair are blooming,  
Snowy plum and golden poppy  
All the summer air perfuming;  
But a pain is in my heart  
And I fear it's nigh to breaking,  
With longing for the picture that the  
snowy sails are making,  
As they're passing to and fro,  
As they passed long, long ago,  
Now in shade and now in sunlight  
Where the sweet salt breezes blow:  
Yet the flowers this sunny weather  
Blow their petals all together;  
Of their bloom small heed I'm taking,  
For my heart is nigh to breaking,  
And the tears have blurred my sight.



## IN THE FIELDS AND IN THE ORCHARDS

**I**n the fields and in the orchards  
Many flowers late are blossoming  
Snowy plum and golden poppy  
All the summer in perfume  
But a pain is in my heart  
And I fear it's nigh to breaking  
With longing for the picture that  
Snowy hills are making  
As they're passing to and fro  
As they passed long long ago  
Now in shade and now in sunlight  
Where the sweetest beauty flows  
Yet the flowers are sunny and white  
Blow their petals all together  
Of their bloom I shall need I'm fearing  
For my heart is nigh to breaking  
And the tears have blurred my sight



In the fields and in the orchards,  
Many birds are blithely singing,  
Now a call and now a carol,  
Now a whistle clearly ringing.  
But a pain is in my heart,  
And I fear it's nigh to breaking,  
With longing for the music that  
the ocean waves are making,  
As they beat upon the shore,  
As they beat in days of yore,  
And the cry of drifting sea-bird  
And the plash of passing oar,  
Yet the birds this sunny weather  
Wake and sing and fly together—  
I scarce heed their flight or waking,  
For my heart is nigh to breaking,  
And with tears my sight is blurred.



## FAITH GOES A-SAILING.

**F**AITH goes a-sailing, a-sailing,  
a-sailing,  
Faith goes a-sailing into the blue.  
Hope looks over the waiting water  
To rifted cloud where the sun shines  
through.

Love delves down in the dusty dark,  
Humming a tune once learned from  
a star,  
Seeing through trouble, sin and sorrow  
The Light of Truth shine from  
afar.





## A WIND.

**T**HE sailors that wait in the harbor  
o're night,  
Tell of strange things that befall  
at sea,  
Of the phantom ships and the false  
watch-lights,  
Of the terrible monsters they fight  
—or flee.

Their yarns are long, their tales are  
wide;  
Some claim what the other man says  
is untrue,  
And each likes best to hear his own  
voice  
Tell what he has seen or what he would do.

But they all agree 'bout a curious wind,  
That sometime or other strikes every  
ship;  
And none may guess when, where it  
will blow,  
Which vessel 'twill take or which it  
will skip.



One told of a fleet that was all becalmed,  
The limp sails mirrored in sky-like  
sea,

Of the restless stillness that held them  
fast,  
While time as eternity seemed to be,

When this strange wind blew, from  
whence none knew,  
And seized two ships from all the rest,  
And carried one to its port in the East,  
And wrecked the other on rocks in the  
West.

One told of a transport, crowded,  
thronged,  
With soldiers fierce for the thick of  
the fight:  
They studied the chart for the shortest  
route,  
They tested the engines' power and  
might.





But vain their purpose and chart and  
steam;

Their visions of glory had all to  
surcease,

For the strange wind bore them out of  
their course

And landed them all at the Isle of  
Peace.

Another told of a humble craft,

—And little enough could the skipper  
boast

But a cheery heart and a ready hand,

As he fished and traded along the  
coast,

And the strange wind filled the brown,  
patched sails,

And instead of a cargo of fish and fur,

It returned from a port not down on  
the map,

And laden with frankincense and  
myrrh.





Oh, the sailors that wait in the harbor  
o'er night,

Will quarrel for slight and ridiculous  
cause,

As about the rig of a phantom ship,  
Or if the sea-serpent has wings or  
claws;

There may be blows 'bout the mermaid's  
song,

But concerning this wind they unite as  
the sod,

Though some call it the Wind of Destiny,  
And some say it's only the Breath of  
God.



## THE THINGS O' AIR.

*“—in all the world there is no such strong tower as this wherein I am confined; and is neither of wood, nor of iron, nor of stone, but of air and not anything else.”—Morte d'Arthur.*

**I** broke the bonds that held me—  
And the wee, sma' things o' air,  
That fastened them close around me,  
They gathered from everywhere!

I laughed as I heard my fetters fall,  
I stood, one moment, strong and free.  
Then I heard the sma' things to each  
other call,  
And they laughed and they mocked  
at me.

They brought their forges out of the  
dark;  
Lighted their fires right under my nose!  
I thought my breath would put out the  
spark  
That glowed where the blue smoke  
slowly rose.





But it only fanned it into a flame,  
Slender and red like a serpent's tongue,  
That leaped and straight to my eyes it  
came,  
And under the lids it burned and stung.

I was blind with the pain and the hot,  
quick tears;  
I could not see whither to turn or flee—  
The sledge and the hammer they rang in  
my ears,  
While the sma' things worked right  
merrily.

And wrought they well, with might and  
main,  
Each broken link they made full strong,  
And bound them around me once again,  
To wear the rest of my whole life long.

And now through the weary days I go;  
A slave to the wee, sma' things o' air!  
And if I cry out, they joy to know  
I find their fetters so hard to bear.





*In After Years.*

I learned to smile as the years crept by,  
Though the cords cut into my aching  
breast:

I learned to stifle the groan and sigh,  
And still the ragings of fierce unrest.

But oh! the bitterness and the shame,  
To know myself for so mean a thing,  
A slave! Tho' none whispered the hateful  
name,  
And my chains were covered with  
tinseling.

Then came in the solemn hush of night,  
The Spirit of Truth, and revealed  
to me,  
That my chains were fashioned of endless  
might,  
Reaching through Time and Eternity:



That nothing in boundless space is free!

They hold together the near and far,  
What e'er has been with what may be,  
And unite my soul with the outmost  
star.

And though the cords hurt me, again  
and again,

I would not, now, if I could be free,  
For they bind my heart to my fellow-men,  
—And bind my fellow-men to me.

*At Last.*

I thought myself bound by biting chain,  
I thought myself driven by ruthless  
rod.

But now I know that what I felt  
Were the sinews of strength of God.





HALDANE'S "PATHWAY TO REALITY"

Vol. II. P. 278.

**W**E may reach the heights, be bathed in  
glory,  
Lose in the distance the path we  
trod,—  
Breathe in a rapture undreamed in the  
Valley!  
But—"ever beyond are the hills of God."





## THE LORD'S EARTH.

**T**HE Earth is the Lord's: this Earth,  
even this,

With its desolate reaches of sand  
That are endlessly drifted and ceaselessly  
shifted  
By winds that obey His command.

The Earth is the Lord's, this Earth,  
even this:

Where the mountains rise bleak to  
despair!  
With cravesses that harbor grim shadows  
at noon,  
Rocky steeps that hurl back the sun's  
glare.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness  
thereof;

This leaf, brightly hued by His sun and  
His rain,  
On the branch swaying lythe 'gainst the  
blue of His sky,  
At its touch the flesh festers, is tortured  
by pain:

# THE LORD'S BATH

The Bath is the Lord's Bath  
even this

With its thousand reaches of sand  
That are endlessly shifted and changed  
shifted

By winds that obey His command

The Bath is the Lord's Bath

even this  
Where the mountains rise back to

desert  
With craggy peaks that harbor  
at noon

Rocky slopes that hold back the sun's  
glare

The Bath is the Lord's Bath  
thereof

This land, brightly lit by His sun and  
His rain

Of the desert waving like green  
blue of this sky

At its touch the desert's heart is warmed  
by rain

These blossoms, surpassingly, wonderously  
fair,

That madden the brain with their too  
fragrant breath;

This fruit, hanging temptingly ripe by  
the way,

He who eats, shall find bitter, taste  
death.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness  
thereof,

The world, this world, even this that  
we know,

With its tempest and drought, its earth-  
quake and flood,

Its merciless heat and its pitiless snow;

Where loneliness broods over land,  
over sea,

The crowding, the turmoil, the strife of  
the town,

Where pestilence walketh in darkness,  
unchecked,

And fresh fields of morning, at noon  
withered down.



These blossoms, suppositively, wonderfully

fair

That madden the brain with their too

fragrant breath;

This frail, hanging, rampantly ripe, by

the way,

He who eats, shall find better taste

death

The Earth is the Lord's and the flowers

thereof

The world, the world, even the things

we know,

With its temptations and delights, its earth

poets and food,

Its merciless heat and its pitiless snow,

What loneliness broods over land

over sea,

The crowding, the hurrying, the stir of

the town,

What pestilence waits in darkness,

unchecked,

And fresh fields of morning, at noon

wetted down.

The Earth is the Lord's and the fulness  
thereof,

The world and they that are dwelling  
therein,

They that lie, steal and murder, wage  
infamous war,

With their impious folly, their greed  
and their sin:

The beasts that prey on each other at night,  
The monsters that dwell in the deep,  
the least thing

That crawls, the serpent that glides in our  
Eden,

And poisonous insect and mite on frail  
wing.





And His is the Kingdom; as He will, by  
His law,

The sands, never resting, are stilled  
into stone.

Through eons of time, far beyond our mind's  
grasp,

The mountains, the ages have claimed  
as their own,

Are crumbled away—even by motes that  
are borne

On the beams of the sun, and lo,  
where they stood,

Stretch flowering prairie, fields fertile and  
fair,

Where the nightshade, once deadly,  
yields fruit sweet and good.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power is  
His:

By His law, in His way the tempest is  
still;

And His is the Kingdom: on the will of

His law.

The sands, never resting, are rolled

into stone.

Through eons of time, far beyond our time's

grasp,

The mountains the ages have shaped

are their own.

Are crumbled away—even by moles that

are born

On the beams of the sun, and lo,

where they stood,

Stretch flowering prairie, fields fertile and

fair.

Where the nightingale, once dead,

Yields now sweet and good.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power is

His:

By His law, in His way the tempest is

still:

With the floods He has mingled the  
dust of the stars

With the clay of the Earth, from which,  
as He will,

Are made blade and leaflet, each blossom-  
ing tree,

The ant and the bee and the laboring  
beast,

The fish of the sea and the birds of the  
air,

And humanity's myriads,—the Great-  
est,—and least.

And His is the Kingdom, the Power,  
the Glory:

As He will, by His law, in His way,  
now are stayed

The famine and pestilence; Love's voice  
has been heard

Over greed's selfish clamor, and men have  
obeyed.





And His is the Kingdom, the Power, the  
Glory:

All beings proclaim Him, all actions  
reveal;

The light of His spirit illumines all  
spaces,

No suns e'er can dim it, no earth-shade  
conceal.





Lord, we are Thy children, such even as  
we,

Who are blinded and hapless and way-  
ward and weak.

Grant but a ray of Thine all-seeing wisdom,  
To show us Thy law in Thy way we  
would seek.

Arm us with shreds of Thine infinite  
patience,

That we faint not at failure. Our will  
as the sand

Ever swayed, make firm with Thine own;  
give Thou

To our faltering arm, the might of Thy  
hand.

That we willingly walk with Thy Law in  
Thy way,

With strength both to do and to bear;  
that we be



Even as Christ! That we consciously  
feel that we live,  
That we move and have being, only in  
Thee.

Thy law must be just, Thy way must  
be good;  
Thy wisdom, Thy mercy, Thy love doubt  
we never,  
For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power,  
the Glory,  
Forever and ever,—  
Amen.



Even as Christ! That we completely  
feel that we live  
That we move and have being, only in  
Thee.

Thy law must be kept, Thy way must  
be good;  
Thy wisdom, Thy mercy, Thy love be  
we never  
For Thine is the Kingdom, the Power,  
the Glory  
Forever and ever—  
Amen.

YEA, Lord, Thy will be done.  
I know all will be well,  
Yet why such sorrow comes to one,  
Why pain should be, I cannot tell,  
I need not understand. I only know  
For purpose, holy and divine,  
In Thy great plan, come grief  
and woe.  
Yea, Lord, Thy will,—not mine.



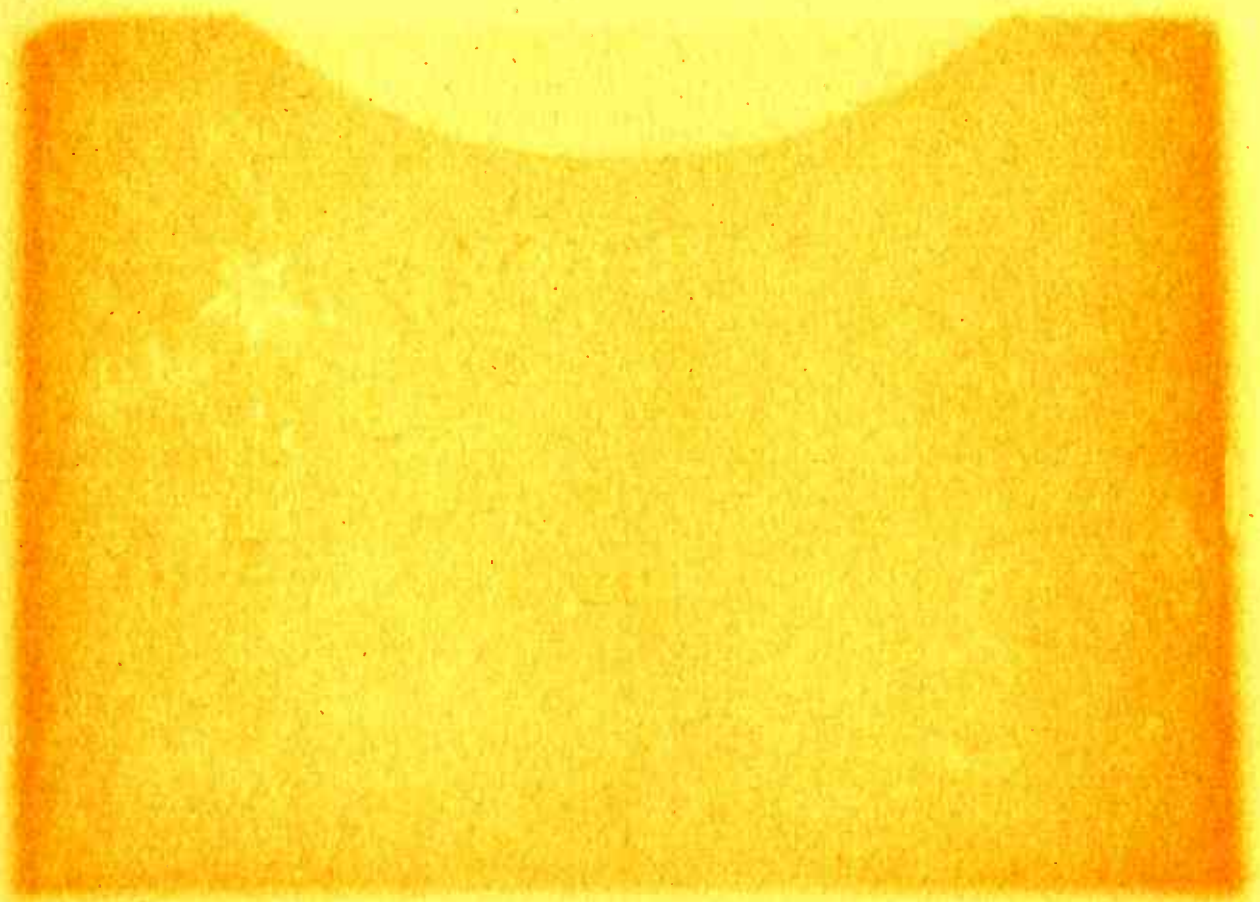












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